MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the 17th of Octobershall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant downpour of the rain.

"This comes of short cuts," I mut-tered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the ravine through the trees to avoid the ravine through My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or a move in the wrong direc-tion. Why had I not been content to keep in the right road?

Hold on! was that a light, or my eyes

playing me false? playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank, for it actually seemed that the wind would seize me

"Yes, R—station?"
"Yes, R—station is twelve miles from here."
"Twelve miles?"

I stood aghast. "Could you tell me any shelter I could n for the night?" "Where are you going?"
To Drew's, down by the maple

Would they take me for the night?

"Would they take me to a local pay them well."

If is eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so! folks don't stop there.

"Is it far from here?" "Then make haste and let us reach it. stood before moment of di

that seemed a trackless wood, and kee, ed my

"Where are you going to put pum? "Up chamber."
"Put him in Isaac's room."

"It's the most comfortable." "I tell you no."
"But here I interrupted the whispered

"I am not particular-I don't ca where you put me, only make haste."
So I was conducted up a steep ladder
that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman sat the light—an old bil

"Anything more I can get you, sir."
"Nothing, thank you."

"My darling Alice—"
I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiting to think what she would say could also know of my strange quarters.

Not till both sheets were covered did

I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper I happened to glance toward the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition or was it my own fance. There was

serving me through the soard partition or was it my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond, yet I could have sworn that semething lad sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was I oclock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours sleep. I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise at the head of my bed, and barricading

the lockless door with two chairs, I ex-tinguished the light and laid down. At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, a startling, electric thrill

coursed through my veins, and I sat up excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow

her, but as I reached the "indow the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone At the self-same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded-I could see the

agged stream of fire above the pillow, straight to the very spot where ten minntes before my head had lain.

There are various little jobs around they do not feel stand revealed before my danger, I swang myself over the edge of the window, jumping some ten feet into the tangled busies below, and as I cronched there, recovering myself, I heard the trump of footsteps into my sage, or a window sticks, or the screws ourselves the magic word home, and are completed. "Is he dend?" cried a voice up the

indder-the smooth, deceifful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes. 'Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men

A cold, agonizing shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers I had fallen into! And how fearfully nar-

row was my escape!
With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now iffuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the deadly ravine—but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a a guiding and protecting care, for when the norming dawned with faint, red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R—.
Once at the tewn, I told my story to

the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. After much searching and many false niarms, we succeeded in finding the ru-inous old house; but it was empty—the birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise, and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us for two years. I don't think, though, they'll come had been instant present." ne back here just at present.

Nor did they. But the strangest part of my stary vet to come. Some three weeks afterwards I recelved a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter that

tous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, and no ignis fataus to lead me on as destruction and death.

"Hallo 0-0-0!"

Manual of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time. "Hallo o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like had been confined to her bed for nearly In the woods like a clarion. I plunged on through tangled vines, dease briers and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil cloth cape, or closk, carrying a lantern.

As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companiouship of this withered, wrinkled old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—station?"

"Yes, R—station is twelve miles from here."

had been confined to her bed for nearly a week—and I was sitting beside her, reading. It was late—the clock had just winck one—whe i all at once she seensed to faint away, growing white ai - rigid as a coppse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing beck her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice," I exchaimed, "how yon have gerified us all! Are you if now?

"Not ill," she answered, "hut I feel so atrange. Grace, I have been with my husband!"

"And all our reasoning failed to con-

"And all our reasoning failed to con-

psychologists unravel it. I am not super-stitions, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know: that, although my wife was in England in body on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the We plodded on, my companion more me. It may be that to the subtle instinct man keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering things are possible, but Alice surely sav-

what seemed a trackless wood, and keeping straight on until lights gleamed fifully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman snawered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of wellows on the part of the survivor to the one who should first be taken. There was She regretted the poverty of their asShe regretted the poverty of their ascommodations; but I was welcome to
them such as they were.

"Where is Issac?" demanded my

who should nest be taken. There was the other. Did you ever hear woman's
reply on such an occasion? It could
not even the prayer of the illustrious
predecessor in doubt, who in his extremity is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, Lerd

the other. Did you ever hear woman's
reply on such an occasion? It could
not even the prayer of the illustrious
would want to see her face in order to
ret the full meaning of her answer. them such as they were.

"Where is Issac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put pum?"

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"Christian ears, Infidelity has cold comfort. The wood-shed, and in the stable, and under the kitchen sink, and up in the fort for the mourners at the graves of departed friends. Humanity sighs for immortality. Hope springs immortal in the breast. We shrink instinctively from the idea of annihilation. Everything around and within us speaks of God and of a future life, and we cannot envy the man whose highest idea of s is that it is "a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities." Cold indeed, and dark and dreary, must be the prospect to one who "strives in vain to lock beyond the "Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you will sleep well, sir. When shall I cail you?"

"At 4 o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to K—staplease. I must walk over to K—staplease. I must walk over to K—staplease. I have the first over the print of the grave of the dear on the brink of the grave of the dear She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little spartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

Twill sit down and write to Alice,' I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me perhaps."

I descended the ladder; the fire still over the fire stil

I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me perhaps."

I descended the ladder; the fire still glowed redly in the hearth beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating; a short, stone, villanious-looking man, in a red fiamel hirt and muddy tronsers.

I asked for writing materials and remaid the my wife.

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I thought; "that fierce Iconoclast of all Christian traditions; what is the highest comfort he can derive from his philosophy, for himself and his friends, in this great trial of his life?

"In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustling of a wing." Is that all? But what does it meas? What star can hope see without falls? She won't be beat out. She'll have that curtain up.

So she gets down again and determines it shall be short enough this time.

Well, she has got another fixture; she will try that. She won't be beat out. She'll have that curtain up.

So she gets the other fixture, and by dint of being extra careful it is sawed to just the right length. Then she that of the angel of light or of the angel of light or of the tack have. darkness of eternal sight? His brother, he says, "whispered with his latest breath," I am better now;" and, as if in an agony of doubt and struggle of hope against hope, he exclaims: "Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead."

and both thumbs, and drives two tacks through the curtain where they ought more; and then she rises, curtain in hand, to put it up. She finds one socket much at the bottom.

She has put the screw-driver and gimilet away warmen, like away warmen, like away warmen.

true of all the countless dead."

How can they be true to souls unconscious, stricken from existence, banished to eternal forgetfulness? Or is this eter-nal forgetfulness itself the boon? Let they may from the shuddering thought, but can they reasonably expect us to abandon for this the bright hopes and cheering promises of the Christian

Personal Appearan e of the Savior. M. Mezieres' doubt of the authenticity of M. Renau's description of the per-sonal appearance of St. Paul appears to have set the Paris book-worms at work delving among the works of the early Church Fathers. The result is not only the justification of Renan, but a good many curious discoveries, of which the following are prehaps the most notable. St. Clement, of Alexandria, thus sketches he Savior: "Jesus had no beauty of face; his person offering no physical attracWomen as Carpenters.

work out of the curtain fixtures, or the cestors break on the dinning room table,

our inches. She gets down, and in doing so her tress gets entangled in the chair back and tears off a little fringe and a little knife pleating, and upsets a pot of geraknife pleating, and upsets a pot of gerinium on the window sill, and in attem 4ing to save that ske strikes her b ad
against a bracket by the side of the window which halds a pot of oxalis, and
down comes the oxalis aforesaid, and the
pot breaks, and the earth is spilled all
over the carpet, and the plant is demor-

"And all our ressoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her astaction. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the morning of the 18th of October. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish yeu could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvaraished tale. I do not prefere to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel it. I am not superfoot; and stirs up her next screet joint in doing so.

in the wood-shed and in the stable, and under the kitchen sink, and up in the open attic, and finds it at last down cellar on the ment barrel, with about half an inch of rust on it and the handle

She takes the roller and lays it on two chairs, and begins to saw. The saw is just like the screws—it doesn't take hold. She gives a vigorous dig with it and cuts a groove a couple of inches long in one of her best walnut chair frames, but does not so much as scar the roller. Annother attempt. The saw takes hold in one place—cuts a little, then

let away, woman like. A man flow would 'ave left them right there on the floor till he wanted them again, so's to have them handy. There is a great difhave them handy. There is a great dif-ference in the way a man does things conpared with a woman's way. She brings them back, and gets out the screws, and starts them right, and then the handle of the screw-driver omes off. It always does when a womur is using it. She drives it on with *... tack hammer, and proceeds. At aold on the bottom of it and sort of coax it along; but no unpracticed hand

do; and they will compare notes on their husbands, and decide that one smart woman is worth two men.

Scientific travelers are peculiarly fa-vored by the government of Japan, and are not only permitted to explore the country, but are encouraged to do so.

The couldn't of the authorities toward or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was coming to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderand eyes full of wild, anxious tenderange to rey feet and rushed toward.

I sprang to rey feet and rushed toward.

Home, Sweet Home,

or the cellar stairs get broken, or some matter how humble it is nor is it less a body tips back in a rocking chair and home for being a palace. It is where It is also a literary medium that gives

While we were on our trip to the "Sunny South" a year age, we often observed some of the party gathering in groups of two or four and playing with those awful things of the devil—cards. over the carpet, and the plant is demonstrated for life.

Of comes she spens her mouth to treatur, and the screws, fly etal, and in jumping after them site drops the rest of the things and has to begin mew. This she does when she has picked up the pot and plant, and swept away, that dirt, and put some camplor on locate head where it struck the bracket.

If the husband and father should offer to do the job for her now she would assore his proposal. Her blood was up, and she will do it herself or perish in the attempt.

She gathers togother her implements again, and puts an ottoman in the chair, and put some that pets on the ottoman, and tends full a minute swaying backward and faves and trying te get her balance juzzingth for a woman standing upon anything more than two feet from the ground is always dizzy-headed and expects to fall the next minute.

She stries the screw driver on the screws, but there never was any wood so hard as that window-casing. The screws turn round lively, but they do not take the foll. She kas got to bate a ginlet to start them. So she has got to get down agais. The ottoman wagais. The ottoman wagais. The ottoman comes with her, just for company, and falls with a bounce on that zero joint in her foot which has a sum of the continuous traveling of a trip fower of the play, bridge the monotony of the section of the Southers Oddition (the play, bridge the monotony of the screw for the post and gray and gray

A Good Example. "I suppose that you won't go to the Sabbath School to-day, Lucy?" said a mother one stormy Sabbath morning settling herself to read. "Pieuse let me go to-day, marama; I

want to go because it raine."
"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for

bath, when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar, she

chapel for the same reason, if not for a

"Agreed. I never could plead a cause to an empty court room, and ministers must find it hard work to preach to

empty pewa." Twenty Impolite Thiags. 1. Loud and boistering laughing. 2. Reading when others are talking. Talking when others are reading. 4. Cutting finger nails in company. Joking others in company.

6. Gazing rudely at strai ;ers. 7. Leaving a stranger without a scat. 8. Making yourself the here of your own story.

9. Reading aloud in company without

A Girl's Composition on Boys. Boys is strange things. Boys is of three kinds. The baby boy, the little boy, and the big boy. I don't like the baby boy, because he squalls and kicks, and I have to rock him with a cradle. But if the big boy squalls orkicks, I can rock him with stones. I like the little boy the best when it snows 'cause he can haul me on his sled. A boy is a little man, if he behaves himself, and if he doesn't, he is a little dovil; that is what mother said brother Bob was, the other day, when he told old Miss Smith that mother said she was an old bore. My papa says he was a little boy once, but mother says she wasn't, and she wishes papa was a little boy some more. Sister Julia says she don't like boys, and when I saw her and Tem Brown a sitting in the rocking chair on Sunday night, she said she was trying to squeeze the life out of him 'cause she didn't like him; but I don't think she was hurting any place, for he wouldn't let her get up. This is all I know about boys, and mother says she hopes I won't never know any more about them.

Graham Bread Historically. During the administration of Willi. m Pitt, in England, there was a great warrity of wheat, and in order to make it go as far as possible, Parliament passed a law that all the bread for the army should ever touch it.

And the woman who fixes it will brag next day to her friends about the way she can hwndle tools, and point to that curtain as an example of what she can do; and they will compare notes on do; and they will compare notes on the same and decide that one. The latter declared that never before The latter declared that never before were the soldiers so healthy and robust

Save Your Papers. Women as Carpenters.

It is no doubt a refreshing sight to the male sex to see a wornen assert herself as a arpenter.

If mything will establish the superiority of man over wornen, an exhibition of her skill in "using tools" will do it. There are various little jobs around a house which would come within a carpenter's province, and no head of a family likes to do them. He is never will like to do take hold. And his wife wants their done right up. The door says, or a window sticks, or the screws word home, and are sometimes forget its exquisites weetness, but let sickness or sadness come, and we return to it at once. Let the hollow hearts that feign a friendship which they slo not feel stand revealed before as "let us know, as we all must at moments, that however important we may be in our own estimation, our places who destroy their daily paper when it has been read miss one of the world. A daily paper is a history of the world says and in daily parts. It is the most impartial history that will ever be printed. It gives the events of the twenty-four hours preciously the future in our own estimation, our places who destroy their daily paper is a history of the world. Sayed in daily parts. It is the most impartial history that will ever be printed. It gives the events of the twenty-four hours preciously the future historian into any shape that may suit his purpose, but the daily paper reflects, ourselves the magic word home, and are day before. The paper is also a history eomforted.

"Home, sweet home!" It does not of your state and a complete local chron

some other breaking or damage occurs.

The hashand and father's busy reading about the last nursier, or smoking a cigar not paid for, and he cannot attend to it. And the woman gets her indignation up, and says: "Well, she can do for other people, and the residual their salt, and she wishes she'd never been fool enough to the herself to one. So there!

Who would take the world's applause and there is the indignate of the propose of the few true hearts and the coxy fireside meetings where we are valued for our travel in far off lands, the world of discovery and adventure that is at once and of for other people.

Who would take the world's applause and the coxy fireside meetings where we are valued for our travel in far off lands, the world of discovery and adventure that is at once entertaining and instructive, the latest literary and poetic gems; in fact it gives and two world take the world's applause and the coxy fireside meetings where he will have been fool enough to the herself to one. So there!

Then she prepares to do the job herself is in a curtain fixture to be put up this image. Curtain fixtures to be put up this image. Curtain fixtures you have probably noticed, never come the right length for any window that was ever constructed.

She gets a chair, and arms herself with a screwdriver, and puts six screws in her mouth, and climbs on the chair with the fixtures in her hand, and finds she can't reach the top of the window by three or four inches.

She gets down, and in doing so her lines and the control of the window by three or four inches.

She gets down, and in doing so her lines gets down, and in doing so her lines and lines on the chair with the fixtures in her hand, and finds she can't reach the top of the window by three or four inches.

Who would be without a home? It is also a literary medium that control of travel in far of lands where and on all sablects, the latest achievastation of the we are in ourselves and not because of power, or wealth, or what we are in ourselves and not because of po bulky for practical use, but this objection cannot be urged against those papers of quario share, where the year's numbers can be divided into two handsome volums of convenient size, and therefore easily handled. One volume a year is enough to make the weekly edition, and he same arguments that urge the preseration of the daily have equal force when applied to the weekly. So, reader, pare this sheet, tear not a single page; but keep each year compile, a history of the special and that lime, in difhe same arguments that urge the preser-ation of the daily have equal force when applied to the weekly. So, reader, pare this sheet, tear not a single page; but keep each year complte, a history of the age.—Detrit Free Press.

ered, to retain as much as possible the sulphurous fumes. I put in the corn stripped of the skuck, and thus the sand sieves well through the barrel. This certainly holks the wevils, and even rats do not burrow in it. It is applicable to any grain—even seed wheat, so difficult to preserve in this latitude. This sand keeps perfectly all such fruits as oranges. keeps perfectly all such fruits as oranges, nour after the quarrel she entered his apples and lemons, putting them away resence again, sparefully very sisk, in shallow boxes in a cold place. I've eclared that she had taken laudanum. kept these fruites for months perfect and plump when if exposed to atmos-pheric heat and moisture they would have decayed in a few days."

The Make Up of the Body. od before me in New York in the smelled peril tithat menaced to the subtic instinct as strength of a wife's holy love all situates are possible, but Alice surely saving in presess her lips over those screws, and sharts her foot on that shaky ottoman, and last hat deal gimlet into the window molding.

An Atheist at the Grave.

Beantiful but sad was the wail of "Bob" Ingersoll at the death of his lost for there—fit requirem of the faithless over the grave of the hopeless. They were infidels both; one a self-appointed apostle of infidelity, and they had promibed each other this pions duty of enlogy on the part of the survivor to the one who should first be taken. There was who should first be taken. There was reply on such an occasion? It could be recorded in words. You can rate it by the way she compared was so discouraged that s's count may say of discouraged that s' so of did not go ter from the may say of discouraged that s' hereshouts, I can figure you to a dof. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles;

number. Your skir is composed of three layers, and varies in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric crossure of 15 pounds to the square inch. Early square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or prespiratory pores, each of which may be skened to a ittle drain tile, one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the

entire surface of your body of a drain or tile ditch fordraining the body 23 miles long .- Dio Lewis. The "Tilinge Blacksmith" in Proso. Under the spreading chestnut tree the mighty man is he, having been twice elected to represent his ward in the City Conneil. His hair is crisp and black and or chewing.

11. Leaving church before worship is flowed.

12. Whispering or laugeing in the house of God.

13. A want of respect and reverence our seniors.

14. Correcting older persons then the senior weath and sharp, and the strong back teeth. The seniors weath, and, as intimated above, it is senior weather the same number below. The apper carnivorsus sooth has three lobes and an oblass beet; the lower has two lobes, pointed and sharp, and the same number below. The apper carnivorsus tooth has three lobes and an oblass beet; the lower has two lobes, pointed and sharp, and no heel. There is one very small inherculous tooth above as an axiliary and the strong back teeth. The muscles of the law are of tremendous sweet, and the same number below. has long since reached us from the eternal hills of Paradise, of ravishing beauty and heavenly sweetness. It has spoken, and yet speaks, to millions of the poor depressed denizens of earth with deepest pathos, with consoling power. It has dissipated the clouds that hung over the fature, and lighted up the darkness of the grave. But what a melancholy object is that hung over the ject is that hung get to the table.

18. Answering questions that have been put to others.

19. Commencing to talk before others have finished speaking.

20. Laughing at the mistakes of others. mistake as this regarding a business to which he was apprenticed, and which he honored for so many years. But ve digrees. Children coming home from school look in at the open door. They love to hear the bellows roor and see the flaming forge; but what they most love to see is the village black-mith wrestle with a three-year colt he is trying to show. They love to catch the burning parks that fly like chaff from the threshing floor; but, great Lucifer, you ought to hear the little cuses swear when they happen to catch one! He goes on Sunto the church, and sits among his boys in order to keep them from throwing spit-balls at the parson. He hears his daughter's voice singing in the village coor, and it makes his heart re-joice, but it makes other people's blood run cold, for she can't sing any better than the average village chorister.

He Meditates Over the Oyster. It was rather late yesterday morning when Mr. Willaby got up, and he was vaguely conscious of a confused recollection of the things, that happend the night before, but he didn't say much, and tried to appear as cheerful as he knew how. Presently breakfast was he knew how. announced, and the family took their places at the table, but Mr. Willaby was amazed, as he sat staring at six little round wooden boxes of axle grease ranged solemnly in front of his plate. "Where under the sun," he said, with puzzled intenation, "what in thunder-where did all this axle grease come from, and what is it for?"
"Oh, is it axle grease?" asked his wife,

with charming simplicity and innocense, just a trifle overdone. "You said last night when you brought these cans home that they were eysters, and would be nice for breakfast. I thought you had

THE CROSS. Burr they alth area.
Wallalather years
With spirit much.
The way of Truth.

For them He hore His Further's force.
For them He were
The theray elevan.
Native to the cross,
Endured its pain.
Then little little less
Might be their gail.
Then listle to choose
That better part.
Nor eles refuse
The Lord tay hear
Lord He-lacelare
- "I know you tool,
and deep deepsir Should beyour lot. New look to Jesus, who on Vaivary died.

Whitewash on Poultry Houses.

The soan who lots his cellar go from year to year without a fresh coat of whiteyear to year without a fresh cost of white-wash may have to pay a hundred-fold the cost in the doctors bills, with the risk of inestimable loss to his house-hold in health or even in life. White-wash is also worth more than it costs in the buildings occupied by do: estic fowls. The Carolina Farmer has the following judicious remarks on its use for poultry houses:

positry keeping, and that lime, in dif-ferent forms, is an invaluable agent in promoting cleanliness in poultry houses and amongst fowls. Where it can be and amongst fowls. Where it can be done without too much expense, we would advise persons in building their poultry houses to use planed boards, at least planed on the inside, in preference to rough ones, for it is far easier to keep the fewl bouse clean when sunoth boards are used, while the lice and other vermin caunot so readily find a lodging-place. As a preventive is clienter and better than a cure, we advise those who build a poultry house to give it a good whitewashing, both inside and out, before the fowls are let inside. To make the whitewash still more distastful to the vermin which have such a taste for poultry, mix a small quantity of carbolis poultry, mix a small quantity of carbolic acid with the wash, sir it well till it dissolves, and then apply. It is not inju-rious to the fowls, but is to the vermin, and at the same time, is a decelorizer

hour after the quarrel she entered his reserve again, sparently very sisk, eclared that she had taken laudanum, and had not an hour to live. She thre her arrass about his neck, affertionately expressed her forgiveness, bade him a pathetic farewell, and then, in theatristic farewell, and then, in theatristic farewell, having first contrived to stand over the sofa at the exciting moment, upon which she dropped with the artistic grace of Chara Morris. Did the artistic grace of Clara Morris. Dat this humband rave, and cry, and toar out his hair? Was the resolution to follow her to the other shore his dominent thought? Such conduct was contrary to the character of the extremely polit-ical man. After stretching her teyderly on the sofa, so that she would not relio", he harriedly procured the assistance of a medical friend and the loan of a powerful stomach-pump. In fifteen minutes the stomach of the supposed suicide was pumped as ity as a base drum. When this violest proceeding drum. When this violest p recovered consciousness, and declared that it was all a jake—that she had not taken poison. But her stopid husband would not believe her, and pumped regionally that the haly imagined she was being turned inside out. She is re-

solved never to die by poison.

His whole frame is put together 's effect destruction. In enting up a tiger you are impressed with this. His tendons are masses of nerve and muscle as hard as steel. The muscular develop-ment is tremendous. Vast bands and ayers of muscle overlay each other. layers of muscle overlay each other.
Strong ligaments, which you can scarcely
at through, and which soon blunt the
skarpest knife, unite the solid, free-playing, leosely-juinted bones. The muzzle
is broad and short and obtuse. The clawa
are completely retractife. The jaws are
yeart. There are two false molars, two
frinders above, and the same number betuberculous tooth above as an auxiliary, and then the strong back teeth. The muscles of the jaw are of tremendous power. I have come across the remains of a buildle killed by a tiger, and found all the large years, even the big strong kanes of the privis and large joints, cracked and crunched his as many walnuts by the parerial jaws of the ficree brute. The eye is peculiarly brilliant, and when ghring with fary it is truly demonder. With his bristles rigid, the smarling lips drawn back, disclosing the formishble fangs, the body crouching for his spring, and the little tail puffer up and swoolen, and lashing restles of from side to side, each runsele tense ad strung, and an undulating movement. strung, and an undulating moves perceptible like the motions of a beante, a cronching tiger is a sight a strikes a certain chill to the heart of the collection. onlooker. When he bounds forward a roar that reverbrates among the mazy labyrinths of the isterminable jung daunts the bravest heart.

Etiquette in Bygone Days.

Greenville Murry, in discussing the transfer of the seat of the government fra at Versailles to Paris, speaks of the rigor of etiquette in bygone days. Louis Quatorze, strolling one day in the park on the arm of Mme. de Maintenon, and followed by his court, of about 500 persons, came unexpectedly upon a ser-vent girl armed with a broom, pail and duster, who had been scrubbing in one of the pavilions. The ought by rights to have made her way back to the offices of the palaces by a roundabout road, but, being late, she had taken a short cut, and this had brought her in view of the king. His majesty removed his feathered hat and made her a low bow, and as etiquette required that a person saluted by the king should be bowed to by the whole court, the poor girl, as she stood trembling and ashamed, received enough homage to make her well-nigh mad. First the princes and princesses, then the sec-retaries of the state, the dakes and peers, the knights of his majesty's orders, the bishop, the chaplains, the lesser nobility, all had to make a profound obeisance, all had to make a profound obeisance, while the ladies stopped and courtesied to the earth; finally the king's guards had to carry arms, and a whole tribe of lackeys, bearing lap-dogs, cloaks, fans, and smelling bottles, had to do their duty in the same humble fashion to their colleague—the blushing girl with the broom and pail.

The Force of Habit. The force of habit is very strong in most

men, and as an illustration we will men-tion that a conductor on the Houset-nic road has fallen into the custom of windg his watch at a certain place near North Bridgeport, and so firmly has the halit become fixed that no matter what he may be doing when his wain ap-proaches that point, he will, without thinking, take out his watch and wind it. He may be absorbed in a conversation at the time, but the operation is per-formed half mechanically just the same. He says he varies scarcely ten rods from evening to evening. The same carious devotion to custom is noticed sometimes among locomotive engineers. Ose of the old engineers on the same road will sound his whistle at the necessary points apparently without thinking of the duty, in the midst of a conversation his hand will reach mechanically for the whistle rod, and it will be found that he scarcely ever varies from the same place. devotion to custom is noticed semetime

ever varies from the same place. There's a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. Ale is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow logs, black tail and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see,

all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow.

But this kird has a trick known by ne other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults? Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put isto a cage. He just throws his head far back, and ever he goes, touching the hars of the cage, and alighting upon his fect on the floor or perch. He will do it over and ever a number of times without stopping, as though he thought

do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun.

"All his family have the same trick, and they are called Tumblers. The people of Chims are fond of keeping them in sages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to this country, but the sea voyage is not good for them, and they are almost sure to die on the way.

Secression of Garden Vegetables. Many persons plant all their garden seeds at one time. It is not the right way. It gives one "a fewl or a famine." Take green pers. There should be snough planted to give the family a supply while they are in senson for eating, which is about two weeks. When that

which is about two weeks. When that supply is over, a new supply should be coming on , fresh and tender, to last two weeks longer; and when filey are gone, another supply should be coming on; and thus continuing isli anumer. The same should be the case with green corn and many other table vegetables. By planting garden seeds every two weeks all anumer, nice, fresh vegetables. By planting garden seeds every two weeks all annuar, nice, fresh vegetables may be put on the table every day. It is true, it takes a little more work, care and watchfulness to do all this, but it pays. Farmers and their wives and their hoys and girls work hard, have hearly appetites, deserve good things to eat, and they was have them and enjoy them. If they was to be but it takes a little

if they wish to. But it takes a little

How to We the Wind. Take a polished metallic surface of cwi feet or more, with a straight eight large hand-as will answer the pur-sec.
Take a windy day, whether het or cold flows over the rige (keeping it straight) as water over a dam. Now eight carefully over the edge at some minute and sharply defined object, and you will see the sir fow over as water flows ever a dam. Take your "servations carefully, dam. Iske your 'nervations carolity, and you will hardly foil to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sen is obscared.

[The above is doubtless a very intersting experiment, but most people, as 'issly newspaper men, would preer to know how to raise the wind.]

Preserve Your Lumber.

It is a good thing that the state of Texas has at last turned its attention to the protection of its timber; and every man in the state who owns any timbe serve it; for the day is not far distant when lands will be worth more on account of their timber than on account of the rish ers of the soil. In fact in many portions of the state this is the

The Air circum people, because of the dense ferests that ones covered a large portion of the continent, were educated to look upon timber as a curse, and the great size our non less been how to de stroy it. But they are begins ing to re-alize the fact not that it was placed here for some other purpose than an im-pediment to the farmer, and are talking about devising ways and means to pre-

serve it. Until quite recently the general government took no active steps to stop this wanten wavte of timber, but at last the Secretary of the Interior seems de-termined to stay the destruction of this invaluable been to mankind, and we only hope his exertions will meet with

lebrity at the bar, was asked how he got, through such reasonnulation of bininers. He rophical: "Some I do, some does itself, and the rest is never done at all."

Amelia for thre-yes, at thy com-mand, I'd pick the stars from the firms men.—I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and—" "Don't Henry! It would be severy dark!"

"Ma, does Pa kiss you because he loves you so?" inquired a little boy of his mother. "To be sure my son; but why do you ask that question?" "Well I guess he loves the kitchen girl, tso; for I seen him kiss her mure'n ferry times, last 8xnday, when you were to churck." A Dutchman was relating his marvel-ous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the up-setting of a boat, and he slene was saved. "And how did you er-ape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. I tid not co in te pote!" was the Dutchmen's placid

answer. An editor got shaved in a barber shop lately, and offered the darkey a dime, which was refused, because, said le, "I understand you are an editor!" "Well, what of that?" "We never charge editors nuffin!" "But such liberality will ruin you." "Oh, nebber mind, we make it up off the Gemmen!"

A lady, wishing the services of a dver. was referred to an excellent workman, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called, and aske?: "Are yet the dyeing man?" "No, ma'am; I'm a kving man—but I'll dye far you!" mickly replied the man of many colors, putting the complexity where it was need. patting the emphasis where it was need

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome anau? "Oh! ue — I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough." "Well he's fortunate, at all events, for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousa d dollars." "In-deed! is it true! Well, now, since I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eyethat can't be denied."

Sincarity is speaking as we think, be lieving as we pretend, acting as we probeing as we appear to be.



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truthfully any that after using two or six bettles
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As a means of prevention, abstinence from the habit of drinking is to be a forced. Such abstinence may not have been necessary for our fathers, but is is rendered necessary for a large body of the American people or account of greater nervous susceptibility. It pes-ilde to drink without being an b bichloral or opions without forming the inbit of taking these substances. In ortain countries and climates where the services system is strong and the fect-scrature more conside these with us, in what I sometimes will the temperate with if the world, including Spain, Law, outhern France, Syrin and Person, the abitual use of wine mirely locals to frunkerspess, and never or shuget never, wine riory; but in the intemporate beat, -here we live, and which incluses serthern Europe and the United States, cith a cold and violently chargeable cli-nate, the labit of drinking citler with r stronger liquors is liable to sevelor a habit of in vegerance. Notably in our country, where nervous sensitivenesses is its extreme maxifestations, to anjority of brain-workers are not safe so ong sa they are in the habit even of noderate drinking. I - these individuals who inhorit a tendency to inriety, the only safe course is

"Sam, yen are not honest. Why lo on put all the good yearkes on top f "Same reason, sais, dat isakes de foort ob yo' house all nurble, an' de back god chiefly slop bar'l, sais. The champion eggenter of the coun

try is a girl a well a the George House, Deshier, O. who sa Sity aw eggs in fifty missul-, for a way-rol a calico stem and the value of the eggs. Egewellest wretch; persition eatch our soul, but we lou't love thes. College professor (to junior who has been taking advantage of his absentmindedness;) "Young man, I find on looking over the records that this taxbox

the fifth time in two years that you have been granted leave of a security attend to your grands -ther's function." A New York dry goods drummer, he ing an be r's leisure, went into a Patter-son foundry the other morning, and go-ing too close to the machinery, a ten-1-4 trip hammer hit him in the cheek and breke itself all to pieres. He inne-distely left the town to avoid a suit for

A.C.oss Baby. Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bacholor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man remember this.



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